Because I care

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/36579319.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Suicide Squad (Movies 2016 2021), Peacemaker - Fandom, Peacemaker (2022)
Relationships:	Adrian Chase/ Christopher Smith, Christopher Smith/ Adrian Chase, Adrian Chase | Vigilante/ Christopher Smith | Peacemaker
Characters:	Adrian Chase, Adrian Chase | Vigilante, Vigilante (DCU), Christopher Smith | Peacemaker, Eagly
Additional Tags:	POV Adrian Chase, Unrequited Love, Not Actually Unrequited Love, Angst with a Happy Ending, Angst, Love Confessions, Bisexual Christopher Smith, Pansexual Adrian Chase, mentions of threesome, please forgive me i was so tired while writing this, i just want content for them, Boys Kissing, Neck Kissing, Gentle Kissing, Not Beta Read
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-22 Words: 3,345 Chapters: 1/1

Because I care

by rotg5311

Summary

Sometimes Adrian thinks he cares too much because Chris doesn't care at all.

Notes

Sick and tired of these two not having ANY content, so I decided to change that. I got really tired and really distracted while writing this but didn't want to take a break so I just powered through and the story might suffer a little because of it. So, sorry. Not beta read or anything, so be gentle with my grammar.

Enjoy.

“Why do you even care so much?” Chris’ voice echoed in the small space of his trailer. He’d been yelling for a while now after finding out Adrian tried to kill his Father. He was mad of course, for obvious reasons. He ‘loved’ his Dad. His Dad was going to blow their whole operation with record time now. Chris was going to get arrested. And when his Dad got out of prison, him and a couple of his dirty hick friends were going to find Adrian and spit-roast fuck him until he choked to death or bled out.

Still, Chris was taking it better than expected, all things considered. He hadn’t tried to kill Adrian yet. He didn’t even put his hands on him at all. Yelling was something he could deal with. Lord knows Adrian had dealt with his fair share of screaming matches.

“Why do I care if you’re happy?” Adrian repeated. The question was so ridiculous that he almost laughed. Almost. This wasn’t the time or place. He didn’t want to piss Chris off more than he already was, even if he deserved it. “Because I’m your best friend. Best friends are supposed to make each other happy.”

“You-”

“Oh yeah, I forgot.” Adrian cut him off, feeling his blood begin to boil as he remembered. “I’m not your best friend. Eagly is. After everything I’ve done for you, I’m still second class to a bird.”

It was a low blow, he knew. Chris had a very rough life and a lot of the time Eagly was the only light at the end of the tunnel. In some ways Eagly was his best friend, as weird as it sounded. But Adrian was mad and wanted better for himself. He wanted to be recognized for once.

“Don’t bring Eagly into this.” Chris said, throwing an accusatory finger in Adrian’s direction.

“Why not? Apparently you only care about him.” He huffed out a laugh, unable to help himself this time. “I guess I care too much and you don’t care at all. At least it evens out.”

“I care.” Chris argued.

“You let me get tortured!” He snapped back, feeling overwhelmed all of a sudden. Sure, they’d had this conversation before, and he thought he was over it. But here and now, with his toe throbbing along to his increasing heartbeat, Adrian was pissed all over again.

“You’re still on that? I thought we made up.” Chris rolled his eyes. The brief urge to claw them out of the mans head flashed through Adrian’s mind, but he ignored it.

“Yeah well my toe HURTS. It’s dangling by a thread. I’ll never walk right again and you don’t even care!” Everything felt like it was on fire. All the bad feelings he had been trying to push back down about that whole situation bubbled at the surface, spilling over slowly but surely.

“I apologized.” Chris reminded him. And yeah, that may be true, but he was still mad. Why shouldn’t he be?

“Yeah.” Now it was Adrian’s turn to roll his eyes. “If it had been Eagly, you would have spilled everything.”

“That’s different.” Chris told him, crossing his arms over his unbearably large chest.

“Because he’s your best friend?” He said it with a sneer. The same sneer his Mother always said she hated because it made him look ‘ugly’. Adrian just frowned harder.

“Because he’s a bird. It wouldn’t be right to torture a bird that can’t spill any information.” He told him like it made all the sense in the world. Technically it did, but Adrian wasn’t about to agree with that right now. “Even if he did know something, he couldn’t. Eagles can’t talk.”

“I didn’t know anything.” Adrian reminded him. Then he hobbled forward a few steps, no longer worried about getting pushed, shoved, punched, or otherwise. Chris had seemed to settle down just a hair. And if he wanted to throw hands right now then so be it. It might do them a little good to burn off some steam.

“I already-”

“No. Shhh. Zip it.” Adrian cut him off again. Chris raised his eyebrows in return. He couldn’t blame him. Adrian never spoke back like this. Never got this angry with him. “Just admit you don’t care about me at all.”

“No, dude, I think the problem is that you care about me too much.” Chris took a step forward. Perhaps it was an attempt to intimidate, but Adrian didn’t feel threatened. In fact, he had never felt more angry at his ‘best friend’ in his life. The audacity of this man was astounding.

“Of course I do!” He hadn’t even noticed they weren’t yelling anymore until he heard his voice beginning to rise again. “Of course I care too much about you.”

“Why?” Chris threw his arms up in exasperation and Adrian saw red. Why? Why wouldn’t he was the more reasonable question.

“Because!” He said like that answered everything. He stared up at Chris and Chris stared back down at him, waiting, and geez, when had they gotten so close? They were practically touching now. Blue eyes bore into his own and Adrian felt himself snap.

His hand shot out, fisting into Chris’ shirt, a plain band tee for once. Thankfully, because the Peacemaker shirt itself was so skin tight that he knew his action would have the same effect if Chris had been wearing it then. There was a quick flash of surprise in those beautiful blue eyes. Then, Adrian was slamming their lips together, kissing Chris with such force that he was sure it couldn’t have been pleasant. But, to him it was the best kiss in the world. If Chris decided to snap his neck right then and there Adrian would die a happy man. Despite the fact that he was kissing, and not technically being kissed back. Hot tears prickled at his eyes and he squeezed them shut tighter that they had been. His chest ached, his heart thrummed rapidly in his chest. After all this time, he had finally gone and done the unthinkable. He kissed Peacemaker. Adrian pushed Chris back roughly, watching as he stumbled over his own

feet before righting himself. He looked so surprised it was almost amusing. Almost, if not for the fact that he had just gone and fucked over the only meaningful friendship he had ever had.

“Fuck you.” Adrian said, reaching under his glasses to ‘itch’ his eye. Thankfully, the tears hadn’t fallen yet. He could still save face and pretend like he wasn’t about to cry like a big fucking baby.

“What was that for?” Chris’ voice was just an octave too high. His eyebrows practically sat in his hairline, though he didn’t look angry. That was something at least.

“Oh my god.” Adrian pitched the bridge of his nose, trying to take a deep breath and calm himself down. It didn’t work. He could feel the blood rushing through his veins, pumping too hard, too fast. Well, he had already gone and fucked things up this bad. How much worse could it get? “I’m in love with you. Don’t you get it?”

“You… what?” Chris’ mouth practically hung open. Adrian couldn’t believe it was really that much of a surprise. He had been so open and loving. Even with being too afraid of losing his best friend to go out and actually say it before, he couldn’t imagine the man didn’t at least suspect something of the sort.

“I love you. I am in love with you. I think you’re the greatest thing since sliced bread. When you smile it makes my heart do this stupid little fluttery thing in my chest, and when you laugh it makes my knees weak.” It was embarrassing to say, but that wasn’t even the half of it. The feelings he had for Chris were so strong that sometimes it made Adrian sick to just think about. “Plus you have like, a really banging bod.”

“Oh.” And surprisingly enough Chris didn’t seem mad. Maybe Adrian hadn’t fucked up their friendship that bad.

“Yeah, but like, having you as a ‘best friend’,” He said the word with air quotes and heavy sarcasm because he was still hurt over the whole thing. “Is better than not having you at all. So, I’m fine with you not being into me, you know?”

“Well… I didn’t say that.”

“What?” Adrian felt like the rug was pulled right out from under him.

“I didn’t say I wasn’t into you.” Chris said, looking intently at a certain spot on the floor to the side. Adrian glanced there as well, but saw nothing. “I mean, I think you’re pretty cool. The way you can take down a guy twice your size with nothing but your bare hands? That’s amazing. And you’re always making me laugh. And… You just have this really pretty face and it’s kind of been distracting me since you took off your helmet.”

“Oh.” All the air was sucked from Adrian’s lungs. His heart dropped to the pit of his stomach, sending a wave of tingles down his arms making the tips of his fingers go numb. His knees felt weak. His brain was flat lining.

“Yeah, you really didn’t know?” Chris said, suddenly looking at him again with those intense blue eyes. “Dude, I let you jerk me off.”

In retrospect, he supposed it made sense. Yes, it had been during a threesome. A threesome with a smoking hot babe that was willing to do anything and everything the two of them asked. Yet, Chris had still let Adrian cop a feel. At the time he thought he was being slick. A touch here and there. Squeezing a bicep as big as his own head. Trailing light fingers down toned abs. Eventually Adrian had a hand full of thick cock. But, instead of being pushed away, Chris had seemed really into it. Adrian had touched himself to the thought of it for a long time afterwards.

“I thought it was like… A heat of the moment kind of thing?” He shuffled awkwardly from foot to foot, feeling a twinge of dull pain every now and then. He vaguely recognized it as his injured toe, but in that moment he couldn’t find it in himself to care.

“Well, yeah.” Chris shrugged. Somewhere along the way his shoulders had de-tensed. He looked almost relaxed, which was the exact opposite of how Adrian was feeling.

“Aren’t you straight?”

“Straight dudes don’t just go around letting other dudes touch their cocks.” Chris frowned at him, shaking his head.

“I don’t think that’s true.” Adrian knew plenty of guys that were ‘straight’ until he got on his knees.

“Dude, what?” Chris frowned again. “Unless they’re pretending to be straight because they have something to hide. But, I have nothing to hide, and I’m very comfortable in my sexuality.”

“Ok.” He just nodded along, still feeling very overwhelmed after just finding out the guy he was head over heels for was into him too. “So… Now what?”

Suddenly Chris seemed very interested in that empty spot on the floor again. He wondered why the man didn’t want to look at him. “Well that kiss was pretty shitty. I think we could probably do better.”

Blue eyes flicked up to meet his own and, oh. Chris was nervous. The strong, brave, sturdy Peacemaker was unsure of himself. It had Adrian’s heart feeling all sorts of ways. Still, he couldn’t blame him. All of a sudden Adrian was nervous, too. Before he had anger to push him through the fear for that kiss. Now? All he had was a hot, willing guy standing suddenly too close to him.

“That was a good kiss.” Adrian argued. Objectively speaking, he knew it wasn’t. It had been amazing nonetheless.

“I think we can do better.” He quirked an eyebrow, giving a small smirk.

Instead of answering, Adrian slowly reached up to take off his glasses. His hands shook slightly as he placed them gently on the table. He had broken enough glasses doing stupid things. It's why he was stuck wearing these giant goofy ass ones now. Still, somehow or another they actually ended up looking good on him. Better to keep them safe than to have to go shopping for another pair.

He took another step forward, feeling a sharp pain shoot from his toe straight up his leg. Ignoring it, Adrian settled himself centimeters from Chris. He took in a deep, shaky breath and their chests brushed together. It was a lot. It was overwhelming. But, before he could do anything Chris was kissing him. One hand on the back of his head, pulling him in, the other on the small of his back so their bodies pressed firmly together. Adrian had no choice but to wrap his arms around Chris' broad frame in return. He had always felt small compared to the man. But now? He felt so tiny it was ridiculous. But not in a bad way. No, Adrian felt perfectly at home in those big, strong arms.

The kiss started off slow, tentative. Like they were testing the waters. Adrian's entire body lit up. Chris' lips were surprisingly soft. A stark contrast to the hardness of the rest of his body. It was like a little slice of Heaven. Then, Chris was kissing him harder, deeper. With much more passion. Adrian could feel himself melt into a puddle. A puddle that was dripping slowly downward and pooling into his lower abdomen. Fingers gently worked their way through his hair and Adrian's eyes nearly rolled in the back of his head. A slight tug and he was moaning like a slut. Thankfully, that only seemed to spur Chris on, and suddenly there was a warm, wet tongue prodding at his lips. He opened his mouth, inviting it in, wanting to taste and be tasted in turn. The whiskey Chris had nursing all night sat heavy on his tongue mixed with a bitter hint of weed he'd been smoking before hand. Which Adrian didn't agree with, but, one battle at a time.

For a while they stayed like that. Making out like a couple of teenagers for the first time. Adrian got hard fast, which only added to that theory. Thankfully he could feel a thick hardness pressing into his hip in return. He wanted to fall to his knees and worship that cock like it was Jesus in the second coming. Or to let Chris bend him over the nearest flat surface and fuck him so hard he wont be able to walk tomorrow. But the way Chris was sucking his tongue and nipping at his lower lip had him reluctant to move. He moaned again when the hand on his lower back traveled further down to grab his ass. That strong hand squeezed and kneaded the flesh there, pulling their bodies impossibly closer together. He stepped forward with the movement only to knock shoes with Chris. Adrian jumped back, breaking the kiss and dampening the mood as he scrunched his face up in pain. A white hot jolt spread through his foot again, and damn almost losing a pinky toe was getting worse and worse as time went on.

"What?" Chris asked, mouth tilted down in a slight frown. His cheeks were tinged with pink and Adrian thought it looked amazing.

"My toe." He hissed in discomfort as he shifted from foot to foot again, trying to get comfortable. It wasn't working. After a moment Chris bent over, grabbing Adrian by the back of his thighs. "What are you- oh."

He held on tightly as his whole world literally shifted around him. One second he was on the ground, and the next he had his legs wrapped around Chris' waist, several feet off the ground.

"That better?" Chris asked in a slightly husky voice. All previous hints of pain vanished from his mind in an instant. One of the first things that drew him to Peacemaker was the mans strength. Well, that and his born killer attitude. But, Chris holding him off the ground like it was nothing? That was so hot it was insane. Plus the hard cock pressed up against his own? Adrian took a shaky breath.
"You're so strong." He admired like an idiot. But, something about potentially getting dicked down usually did have Adrian acting stupid.

"You're so tiny." Chris told him. Though something about the way he said it didn't seem like the usual insult. "Like I could fuck you in half."

"Oh fuck yeah." Adrian moaned and pulled Chris in for another kiss. He wrapped his arms and legs around the man, tightly holding on. Not that Chris needed any help keeping him upright. He was vaguely aware of moving for a few moments before a wall was being pressed into his back. Chris slammed him up against it, grinding his hips down into Adrian's. His body lit up again and he let his head fall back, mouth open in a gasp.

Chris didn't hesitate to latch onto his now exposed neck. Licking, sucking, and biting the pale flesh there. Adrian knew there would be marks in the morning. He always bruised so easily. The thought only made him squirm more. He wanted to be marked. Even if only the two of them would see it. Especially since only the two of them would see it. He moaned and did his best to grind back down into Chris' thrusts. It wasn't easy since he didn't have a lot of wiggle room. But, then Chris was pulling back a little. Not far, but just enough for Adrian to sneak a hand between them and make a beeline for Chris' zipper. Thankfully, he took the hint and shifted their bodies. It wasn't long before Adrian managed to wiggle both their cocks out of their pants.

He wrapped a hand around the both of them and gave a firm pump. And God, the giant cock of freedom was making him feel so small yet again. But, Chris didn't seem to mind. He just dropped his head to Adrian's shoulder and let out a soft, shaky sigh into his ear. It was so erotic that all notions of taking things slow or making this last flew from his mind. Adrian began jerking the both of them off in a practiced tandem motion. Chris squeezed his thighs tightly, and again Adrian knew that would leave blunt, finger shaped bruises.

It was over far too soon, really. He wasn't exactly sure who came first. All Adrian knew was there was hot, thick ropes of cum shooting up and onto his shirt. Then moments later there was more. Magically, none of it seemed to get on Chris at all, despite them being so close. He looked down at his newly sticky hand and rolled his eyes as he wiped in on his shirt with the rest of the mess. Then, he lifted the collar of his shirt to clean off the wet dribble on his chin. Briefly he wondered which one of them it had come from, but decided it didn't really matter. It wouldn't be the first (or last) time he was covered in cum. Either his own or someone else's.

"Where are we going?" Adrian asked after a moment when he realized not only was Chris still holding him, but was now carrying him somewhere as well.

“To bed.” The man replied, peering over his shoulder to make sure they didn’t rip on anything and fall. “But you’re taking off that nasty before you get in, dude.”

“How bout I take it all off.” Adrian suggested.

“Yeah. That sounds a lot better.” He said, tightening his grip on Adrian’s thighs.

Adrian smiled, lazily stroking Chris’ softening dick. He felt nice and cozy in those big strong arms. And when Chris laid him on the bed and began undressing him slowly, Adrian couldn't help but think that maybe he did care about him after all.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!